The Millheim Journal.

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ADVERTISE IN THE

Millheim Journal.

RATES ON APPLICATION.

BY THE BANKS OF THE MOHAWK.

O dark rolling river, so rapid and free,
You bring back the brightness of boyhood to me,
When gayly I wandered, along your wild shore,
With one I loved fondly, who loves me no more.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The cataract's roar,
Where we wandered in childhood
Along the wild shore,

The song-birds have vanished; the summer is o'er;
The roses have faded that bloomed by her door;
The elms and the maples stand leafless and drear;
The snowflakes are falling; the Winter is here.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The cataract's roar,
Where we wandered in childhood
Along the wild shore.

The hopes of her girlhood have flown far away;
Her bright auburn tresses are faded and gray;
Her beauty has vanished; her features, once fair
Are saddened by sorrow and furrowed by care.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The cataract's roar,
Where we wandered in childhood
Along the wild shore.

Our childhood is gone; we are drifting to-day,
Like leaves on the river, forever away,
We are leaving the years; we are nearing the shore
Where storms never beat and no cataracts roar.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The waters may roar
Forever and ever
Along the wild shore!

A DREADFUL CASE.

"Gems!" he exclaimed, the expression of his countenance changing from that of the reflective sage, I was going to say, to one that was almost miserly. "Ah, now you talk of something I understand. They are not watching us, are they?" he broke off, looking nervously in the direction of the house.

"No, no," said I, with subdued excitement, wondering what was to happen next.

He deliberately unbuttoned his long ulster coat, shivered in the cold winter air as he did so, then he began to fumble at a belt which he wore. Several diamonds of great value, as I judged, in a moment more sparkled before my astonished eyes. He had apparently drawn them from a little leather pocket, curiously concealed beneath this belt.

"Ah! those are gems, if you like, sir," he exclaimed, with an exulting chuckle, which brought to my mind the impression created at our first interview, that he was not quite right in his head.

"They are splendid," I said, "but why do you carry them about with you? Suppose any one, dishonestly inclined, were to learn that an elderly man had property of such value upon him? The thought of it makes me tremble, sir."

"I am not in the habit of exhibiting the treasures which it has taken my lifetime to amass. I dare not. But I trust you, sir."

As a man of business I thought there was here another proof of mental weakness, in the fact that he should confide in one of whose antecedents he knew nothing, and of whose honesty he had no further proof than a love of nature might suggest.

But I chanced at this moment to look up at the first floor window of our neighbor's house; and there, watching with a strange and, as I thought, scornful smile, stood the tall, shallow man of whom both my wife's and my own impression was so distinctly unfavorable.

I mentioned to the old man to put away his jewels, for the German servant was approaching again; most likely sent by her master.

My strange acquaintance did not appear in the garden any more.

I have an innate horror of eavesdropping, and, as I have repeatedly said to my dear wife, whose feminine curiosity tempts her to attach far too little attention to this evil. "Conversation not intended for her ears ought to be regarded with the same feelings as a letter not written for her perusal. She would feel deeply insulted did any one suggest that she would be capable of reading another person's letter simply because the seal happened to be broken, and could therefore do so without the fear of detection." But women, alas! are never logical; and she will not see, or, perhaps cannot, that her conduct is no less culpable when she greedily listens to the private conversation of others, just because accident or carelessness on their part has placed her within earshot.

Well, a few days after that we sat in our cheerful, cosy front parlor; we were sitting, I say, in our cosy parlor; my wife, with her knitting in her hands, on an ottoman, which was drawn close into a recess by the fire-place; I, in my good old arm chair, by the table in the middle of the room, and reading the last number of the *Gardener's Magazine*. The entrance of Ann with our customary "night cap" of weak toddy and thin bread and butter, interrupted my study of an article on "Trenching," and caused me to look up at my wife.

"Eavesdropping!" I was about to exclaim, when my speech was arrested by observing the strange look of horror on Polly's face. She had dropped her knitting, and sat with hands clasped across her breast, and head pressed closely against the wall.

"My dear girl, whatever is the matter with you?" I said.

"Oh! it is dreadful," she whispered, holding up her fingers to check me. "Pray come and hear what they are saying."

Exalted though my principles were about listening, I could not resist the impulse of the moment, but hastily rose from my seat and placed my ear against the wall likewise. Ann Lightbody, too, forgetting our relative positions, dropped the tray of toddy on the table as if it were a hot coal, and rushed to the opposite side of the mantlepiece to imitate our example. To any one entering the room at that moment the scene presented, must have been absurd beyond description. But we were earnest enough, for what we heard seemed to freeze our very blood.

"Is he dead yet?" we heard Mrs. Malden ask her husband, with a low, musical laugh that seemed to us like the mirth of a fiend.

"Thoroughly," responded he in a deep voice, which betrayed no sign of remorse or agitation; "your hint, that I should dispose of him in his sleep, like Hamlet's uncle did his troublesome brother, was capital."

There was silence for several minutes. Then we heard Mrs. Malden ask gravely, "What shall you do with the body?"

"Oh, that is just the difficulty, As the neighbors must not have their suspicion roused, it must be buried at night and a report put about that the silly old man has gone into the country."

"Oh, dear! there is the property to dispose of, is there not?"

"Uncut diamonds tell no tale," said this sallow neighbor of mine, in his deep voice, laughing loudly. "Nothing could have been luckier than my witnessing that little scene between my uncle and our fat neighbor over the garden wall."

In an ordinary moment I should have felt keenly the insult conveyed in his remark, but my feelings were too highly wrought for it to touch me then.

But Polly pressed my hand and murmured. "The horrid villain!"

We listened painfully for several minutes more. We heard Malden's wife heave a deep sigh. She was human, then. I had scarcely thought it.

"I can't bear to think—it is too dreadful!" she said her voice trembling for the first time during the conversation.

Again her husband laughed loudly, and said, in a theatrical toue, "What, my Lady Macbeth trembling! "Come, we'll go to sleep. We are yet young indeed."

In a moment more we heard the door of the apartment closed. We three sat and looked at each other—blanched and speechless with horror.

Ann was the first to cover her presence of mind. 'Shall I go and fetch the perlese, sir?" she said in a subdued voice.

"Oh, don't leave me, Ann!" sobbed my poor wife, yielding to her pent up emotions and clasping our servant around the waist. This was the first time in her life that she had been so undignified.

"You go, Joram," she continued. Then a sudden fear seized her. "But we shall both be murdered while you are gone." The poor soul wrung her hands and began to laugh hysterically.

I felt that everything depended upon my controlling my nervous system. Polly was beginning to get silly, and Ann might at any moment break down, too. I took out my pipe, and slowly filled and lit it, in order both to steady myself and to impress these women with my self-command.

"I'll telegraph to Chittick—that will be best," I said, after pacing the room once or twice.

"You can't telegraph to-night, sir; the office 'ull be shut," said the practical Ann.

Mr. Chittick was an inspector in the detective force at Scotland Yard. After some iuternal debating I decided it would be better to wait till the morning and then telegraph than to go off to the local police station that night. I have often since wondered at my courage and calmness. The wife and servant seemed to catch something of my spirit. We were unanimous that to go to bed was impossible, so Mrs. Frogg lay on the sofa, Ann in the sofa chair, which we wheeled out of the next room, and I sat up in my good arm chair prepared to watch the night through.

Happily nothing transpired during that tedious night to create further alarm. In the morning when the postman called, I got him to take a telegraphic message, which simply urged my friend the inspector to come as early in the day as he possibly could, as I wanted to see him on business of a very pressing and extraordinary character.

About noon he came. Not a soul had stirred from the neighboring house, and I had therefore the satisfaction of feeling that the delay would not frustrate the ends of justice.

When we were alone, I told the story of Mr. Lea's eccentric conduct; his disappearance after his nephew had seen him show me the diamonds in the garden; and finally the strange conversation we had overheard the night before. At first my friend was merely politely attentive; but, as I went on, he took out his note book and carefully wrote down the words we had overheard. He asked for particulars, too, of the appearance of Malden and his wife, and of the murdered man.

"Do you know anything of the business or profession of Malden?" he then asked.

I could only admit that on this point I was entirely in the dark.

"But has not your maid learned anything on this subject from your neighbor's servant?" he inquired; "servants are always gossiping, you know."

"The woman next door is a foreigner—a German—I think."

Inspector Chittick pursed up his mouth and tapped his note book with his pencil.

"That looks like a plan," he remarked after a moment's meditation. "That fact is the strongest point in the case. It seems as though it were designed that nothing should transpire through the clatter of servants."

"Yet surely the real point is the confession of murder which we overheard?" I urged deferentially.

"That has to be proved," he replied. "In the meanwhile, I must compliment you on your shrewdness in sending for me in this quiet way. I shall at once telegraph for one of our men to stay with you here, and for another to be posted within a convenient distance of the house,"

Day after day passed and nothing transpired to clear up this mystery. At length, after an interval of nearly a fortnight, we had, for the first time, a communication from Inspector Chittick in the shape of a telegram:

"I have made an unexpected and startling discovery *in re* Malden. I will call this afternoon, and hope to do business. Malden is at home; intends leaving home to-morrow with wife and German servant."

I did not show this message to Polly, for I knew it would upset her. My nerves, too, were a little unstrung, and I actually trembled when Ann ushered Mr. Chittick into the front room. After greeting me, he gravely took a newspaper from his pocket and passed it to me.

"Read that," said he, pointing to a portion marked at the top and bottom with ink. In a mechanical fashion I took the paper and began to read. It was part of an article on the "Magazines of the Month," and *Tyburnia* was the periodical, the criticism of which he had marked. It read;

"*Tyburnia*, as usual, is very strong in fiction. But it scarcely sustains its reputation by inserting the highly melodramatic tale, "The Cap of Midas." The hero-villain of this story is a young Greek who is assistant to an aged diamond merchant in Syracuse."

My heart began to beat as I read the first few words.

"This young gentleman is fired by an ambition to play an important part in the political life of the coming Greek federation. To obtain wealth, and with it influence, he murders his aged master for the sake of certain priceless gems which the old fellow had concealed in a velvet nightcap he is in the habit of wearing. This is the cap of Midas, we presume. Justin Corgialegno—the murderer—had read "Hamlet," and drops poison into his master's ear, and steals the nightcap. This poison, however, fails to do its work, so the assistant at once stabs the old man and begins to feel the first difficulties of his lot, namely, how to dispose of the body of the murdered man."

I looked up at Inspector Chittick sheepishly. A mocking smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, I thought.

Well, the hero buries his master in the garden of his house and starts off with this cap, which contains the wealth that is to give him political power. Here comes the melodramatic point of the story. The diamonds in this cap are of such enormous value that the murderer dare not attempt to sell them, feeling sure that inquiries will be made as to how he became possessed of such precious gems. Tortured by fear and desperate with hunger, he at length commits suicide with his cap of Midas placed mockingly upon his own head. The story is ingenious in some of its parts, but is really, to speak plainly unworthy of the reputation of that promising young novelist, Mr. Ernest Malden."

"Mr. Ernest Malden," I muttered vacantly, "a—a novelist!"

The inspector rose from his chair and slapped me on the back, and poked me in the ribs, and shook me by the shoulders laughing the while with such tremendous boisterousness that Mrs. Frogg and Ann burst into the room in a state of speechless amazement which I shall never forget. Their appearance gave gave the finishing touch of absurdity to the situation, and as the grotesqueness of the blunder which we had one and all made dawned upon me, I, too, began to laugh until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Polly," I gasped as soon as I could speak. "Mr. Malden is a novelist, and oh! such a vile murderer—on paper! Ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, he, he! ha, ha, ha, ha!"

We really never saw poor old Mr. Lea again, for he died at Brighton of softening of the brain a few weeks after his nephew and niece joined him. Their leaving town—referred to in the inspector's telegram—was with this object. The old gentleman, as we afterwards learned, was taken away from next door in a cab one evening when we must have been at the back of the house. Had we but seen him go, we should have been spared a great deal of terror and many unjust suspicions of our neighbors' characters.

He that has no inclination to learn more, will be very apt to think he knows enough.

A Rescue at Sea.

The Cunard steamship Parthia was between 400 and 500 miles distant from the west coast of Ireland. For some hours a low barometer had given warning of a coming gale. The breeze was fresh on the port quarter, with a long following sea, over which, under the impulse of propeller and canvas, the beautifully moulded hull of the great steamship rushed like a locomotive, raising a roar of thunder at her bows and carving out the green, glass-clear water with her stern into two oil-smooth combers, which broke just abaft the fore-rigging and rushed with a swirl and brilliance of foam to join the long, glittering snow-line of the wake astern. There was a piebald sky, the blue in it tarnished and faint, and under it, like a scattering of brown smoke, the scud went floating swiftly. In the south and west the aspect of the heavens was portentous enough, with a leaden deadness of color and a line of horizon as sharply marked as a ruling in ink. The gale was evidently to come from this quarter; and, sure enough, before eight bells in the afternoon watch, it was blowing a hurricane from the S. S. W. The fury of the wind raised a tremendous sea. The Parthia ran for a time; but running is not the remedy prescribed to captains who are caught in a circular storm and shortly after 4 o'clock the helm of the steamer was put down and her head pointed to the seas. The passengers were below, considerably battened down by order of Captain McKaye, the commander of the vessel, so that they should not be washed overboard or drowned in the cabins, for now that the steamer's bow was pointed at the sea, she was one smother of froth from the eyes to the rudder-head. Her curtseying might have looked graceful at a distance, but it was a tremendous experience to those who had to keep time to her dance. Every now and again she would "dish" a whole green sea forward—taking it in just as you would dip a pail into water—a sea that immediately turned the decks into a small raging ocean as high as a man's waist. As she rolled she shattered the furious tide against her bulwarks, where it broke into smoke and was swept away in clouds, like volumes of steam, for a whole cabin-length astern. The grinding and straining of the hull, the hollow, muffled, vibratory note of the engines, the booming of the mighty surges against the resonant fabric, the screaming of the wind through the iron-stiff, standing-rigging, and the enduring thunder of the tempest hurtling through the sky, completed to the ear the tremendous scene of warfare submitted to the eye in the picture of black heavens and white waters, and struggling, smothered, goaded ship.

The Parthia lay hove to for six hours. At 10 o'clock at night the gale broke, the wind sensibly moderated, the steamer was brought to her course and went rolling heavily over the immense and powerful sea swell which the cyclone had left behind it. Sunday morning came with a benediction in the shape of a warm, bright sun. But the swell was still exceedingly heavy. It was shortly after two bells (9 o'clock) when the lookout man reported a vessel away on the lee bow, apparently hull down. As she was gradually hove up by the approach of the Parthia, those who had sailors' eyes in their heads perceived that she was a vessel in distress, and that if any human beings were aboard of her their plight would be miserable. She was water-logged, and so low in the water that she buried her bulwarks with every roll. She had all three masts standing, but her yards were boxed about anyhow, her running rigging in bights, with ends of it trailing overboard. Her canvas was rudely furled, but she had a fragment of a foretop-mast staysail hoisted, as well as a storm staysail, and she looked to be hove to. Her aspect, had she been encountered as a derelict, was mournful enough to have set a sailor musing for an hour; but when it was discovered that there were living people on her she took an extraordinary and tragical significance. No colors were hoisted to express her condition; but then no colors were needful. Her story wanted no better telling than was found in the suggestion of the small crowd of human heads on her deck watching the Parthia; in the dull and steady lifting of the dark volumes of water against her sides, in the gushing of clear cascades from her scupper-holes as she leaned wearily over to the fold of the tall swell that threatened to overwhelm her, and in the sluggish waving of her naked spars under the sky. Twenty-two people could be counted aboard of her. All these had to be saved, but it was very well understood by every man belonging to the Parthia that they could only be saved at the risk of the lives of the boat's crew that should put off for them; the swell was still violent to an extent beyond anything that can be conveyed in words. As the Parthia, with her propeller languidly revolving, sank into a hollow, a wall of water stood between her and the bark, and the ill-fated vessel became invisible, then in another moment hove high, the people on board the steamer could look down from their poised deck upon the half-drowned hull and the soaked, clinging and pale-faced crew as you look upon a housetop in a valley from the side of a hill. The serious danger lay in lowering a boat. But Jack is not of a deliberative turn of mind when something that ought to be done waits for him to do it. Volunteers were forthcoming. The order was given. Eight hands sprang aft and seated themselves in the lifeboat, and the third officer, Mr. William Williams, took his place in the stern-sheets. It was one of those moments when the bravest man in the world will hold his breath. There swung his boat's crew at the devits; the end of the fall in the hands of men waiting for the right second to lower away. One dark-green foamless swell, in whole, huge mountains of water, rose and sank below; too much hurry, the least delay, any lack of coolness, of judgment, of perception of exactly the right thing to do, and it was a hundred to one if the next minute did not see the boat dashed into staves and her crew squattering and drowning among the fragments. The due command was coolly given; the sheaves of the fall-blocks rattled on their pins and the boat sank down to the water's edge. A vast swell hove her high, almost to the level of the spot where she had been hanging, and as quick as mortal hands can move the blocks were unhooked—but only just in time. Then a strong shove drove her clear, and in a moment she was heading for the wreck—now vanishing as though she had been wholly swallowed up by the tall, green, sparkling ridge that rose between her and the steamer, then tossed like a cork upon a mountainous pinnacle, with keel out of water. She had been well stocked with lines and life-buoys, for it was clearly seen that the pouring waters would never permit her to come within a pistol-shot of the bark, and the suspense among the passengers amounted to an agony as they wondered within themselves how those sailors would rescue the poor creatures who had watched them from the foamy decks of the almost submerged wreck. They followed the boat vanishing and reappearing, the very pulsation of their hearts almost arrested at moments when the little craft made a headlong, giddy swoop into a prodigious hollow and was lost to view, until presently they perceived that the men had ceased to row. It was then seen that the third mate was hailing the crew of the bark. Presently they saw one of the shipwrecked sailors heave a coil of line towards the boat; it was caught, a life-buoy bent on to it and hauled aboard the wreck. To this life-buoy was attached a second line, the end of which was retained by the people in the boat. One of the men on the wreck put the life buoy over his shoulders and in an instant flung himself into the sea, and was dragged smartly but carefully into the boat. The Parthia's passengers now understood how the men were to be saved. One by one the ship-wrecked seamen leaped into the water, until eleven of them had been dragged into the Parthia's boat. The number made a load, and with a cheery call to those who were to be left behind for a short while, Mr. Williams headed for the steamer. The deep boat approached the Parthia slowly; but, meanwhile Captain McKaye's foresight had provided for the perilous and difficult job of getting the rescued men on board the steamer. A whip was rove at the fore-yardarm, under which the rising and falling boat was stationed by means of her oars, one end of the whip knotted into a bow-line was overhauled into the boat and slipped over the shoulders of a man, and at a signal a dozen or more of the Parthia's crew ran him up and swayed him in. In this way the eleven men were safely landed on the deck of the steamer. The boat then returned to the wreck, the rest of the crew were dragged from her by means of the buoys and life-lines, and hoisted, along with six of the Parthia's men, out of the boat by the yardarm whip. But not yet was this perilous and nobly-executed mission completed. There was still the boat to run up to the davits. All the old fears reoccurred as she was brought alongside with Mr. Williams and two men in her. But jack has a marvellously quick hand and a steady pulse. The blocks were swiftly hooked into the boat, and soon she soared like a bird in the davits under the strong running pull of a number of men before the swell that followed her could rise to the height of the chain-plates.

To appreciate the pathos and pluck of an adventure of this kind, a man must have served as a spectator or actor in some such a scene. Words have but little virtue when deeds are to be told whose moving powers and ennobling inspirations lie in a performance that may as fitly be described in one as in a hundred lines. Such as remember the faces of those shipwrecked Englishmen and Canadians, the aspect of them as they were hoisted, one by one, over the Parthia's side; the bewildered rolling of their eyes incredulous of their miraculous preservation; their expression of suffering slowly yielding to perception of the new lease of life mercifully accorded them, graciously and nobly earned for them; their streaming garments, their hair clotted like seaweed upon their pale foreheads; the passionate pressing forward of the crew and passengers of the Parthia to rejoice with the poor fellows over their salvation from one of the most lamentable dooms to which the sea can sentence, will wonder at the insufficiency of this record of as brilliant and hearty, though simple, a deed as any which makes up the stirring annals of the maritime life.

The Presidential Cold Air Machine.

The apparatus which proved most satisfactory in cooling the chamber of the wounded President was furnished by a Mr. Jennings, of Baltimore. It was devised for use in a new process of refining lard. According to the inventor's description, the apparatus consists of a cast iron chamber, about ten feet long and three wide and three high, filled with vertical iron frames covered with cotton terry or Turkish toweling. These screens are placed half an inch apart, and represent some three thousand feet of cooling surface. Immediately over these vertical screens is placed a coil of inch iron pipe, the lower side of which is filled with fine perforations. Into a galvanized iron tank, holding 100 gallons of water, is put finely granulated or shaved ice (and salt when a low temperature is required.) This water is sprayed upon the sheets in the lower tank constantly. In each end of the iron chamber are openings thirteen inches square. To the outer end of this chamber is a pipe connecting with an outdoor air conductor. To the opposite end is connected a similar pipe leading into an ice chamber at its top, and from the bottom of the same a pipe leads to a small exhaust fan, and from the fan the now cold and dry air is forced direct into the President's room through a flue some twenty feet in length, Air at 99 degrees temperature to day is supplied at the rate of 22,000 cubic feet per hour at the register in the President's room at 54 degrees, and with the windows and doors open the temperature at the President's bed (twenty-five feet away) is maintained steadily at 75 degrees day and night. When the cold air machine was introduced it was intended to keep the windows and doors closed, and under these conditions the machine would create and maintain a temperature of 60 degrees in the hottest weather without using the auxiliary ice-air chamber now used, which was the suggestion of Professor Newcomb and Major Powell, to meet the requirements of cooling the room with the doors and windows open. The closing of them gave the room an air of gloom.

Gas from Castor Oil.

At the gas works of Jeypore, India, illuminating gas is made chiefly from castor oil, poppy, til, or rape seed being used when the supply of castor beans is short. One maund (82 pounds) of castor oil produces about 750 cubic feet of 26¼ candle gas, or 1,000 cubic feet of 19½ candle gas. The process of extracting the oil for carbonizing is as follows: First, the castor seed is passed through the crusher, when the shells only are broken off. The shells are then picked out by hand, and the seed is again introduced into the crusher, where it is ground to a paste. It is then passed into the heating pan, and, after being well heated, it is packed into horsehair bags and filled up hot into the press immediately. After about twenty minutes' pressing, the exuding oil being meanwhile collected, the cake is removed and ground over again. It is subsequently heated and pressed a second time until about 33 or 40 per cent of oil is obtained from the seed. The labor of preparing and pressing the castor seed costs two shillings (about fifty cents) per maund of oil. The total cost of the oil is somewhat over $5 per maund. For generating gas, the oil is used as it comes from the press. Formerly, at other places, when the oil-bearing seeds were carbonized for gas without previous treatment as above described, the product was overloaded with carbonic acid from the woody part of the seeds, and correspondingly heavy cost for purification was incurred. For out of town consumers the Jeypore gas works supply gas compressed to about three atmospheres by means of a pump driven by a bullock. The compressed gas is then delivered in a wrought-iron receiver to the point of consumption, where it is either transferred into fixed receivers and burnt by the aid of suitable regulators, or is delivered into small portable or service gas-holders, and burnt in the usual way. A *ghat*, or landing-stage two miles distant, is thus supplied with 400 cubic feet of gas every day, which is consumed by thirty jets, each burning 1½ cubic feet per hour for nine hours. There have not been any accidents from the distribution of gas in the portable reservoirs, or otherwise. As railroad carriages are also supplied with compressed gas, it is evident that the introduction of this branch of service has widely extended the utility of the establishment. Another peculiarity of the Jeypore undertaking is the necessity that exists for the manager to unite the attributes of a farmer to his other acquirements, for the purpose of securing a constant and cheap supply of raw material for gas making. Last year, the manager, Mr. Tellery, personally superintended the sowing of three hundred acres with the castor plant.

How a Fog Whistle Works.

The fog whistle, heard for ten miles, consists of two distinct whistles, operated by two engines in a building separate from the lighthouse. Fifty pounds of steam is the force carried while at work. Every blast lowers the mark four pounds. Shavings and kindling wood are laid already to start up steam when a fog comes on, and the engineer can heat up for steam in thirty-five minutes. The whistle gives a blast of eight seconds' duration every minute—a doleful sound, but invaluable to steamers and passing sailing vessels. We could hear it the other night booming dismally through a fog five miles off. The captain starts it when the fog is such that he can't see Goose Island, one mile distant. The whistle is produced by a wheel with a cam affixed; the wheel, a solid piece of work, regulated by a governor, revolves once a minute; the cam fixed at one point on its periphery, opens a point which lets off steam in the prolonged booming wail we had heard. To supply water for steam a big tank, under the same roof and supplied by the rain from it, is kept pretty full. Forty feet long by eighteen wide and six deep, it is not likely to run dry in any fog; but a carbolic engine and pump at the well will supply water in case of emergency.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, '81.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
1 column,...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

P. C. Weidemyer and J. M. Dick, preachers.

Rev. P. C. Weidemyer will preach next Sunday morning. German.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—M. I. Jamison, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers, Preacher-in-charge.

Preaching next Sunday evening

Sunday School at 1½ P. M.—D. A. Musser, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning. German.

United Brethren.

Rev. Tallheim, Preacher-in-charge.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—H. E. Duck, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. R. B. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. T. G. ERHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
J. B. Hartman, Sec. John Kreamer, Pres't.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES,
JOHN K. RUNKLE, of Potter,
J. G. LARIMER, of Spring.
PROTHONOTARY,
J. C. HARPER, of Bellefonte.
SHERIFF,
THOMAS J. DUNKLE, of Rush.
REGISTER,
JAMES A. McCLAIN, of Boggs.
RECORDER,
FRANK E. BIBLE, of Spring.
TREASURER,
D. C. KELLER, of Potter.
COMMISSIONERS,
A. J. GREIST, of Unionville.
JOHN WOLF, of Miles.
AUDITORS,
F. P. MUSSER, of Millheim.
J. S. PROUDFOOT, of Milesburg.

FROM THE HARRISBURG PATRIOT, SEPT. 20TH.

DEAD.

The Assassin's Bullet Proves Fatal.

President Garfield No More.

His Death Announced at 10.55 Last Night.

Sheer Exhaustion the Immediate Cause of his Death.

THE prayers and hopes of a great nation have been defeated. After nearly three months of intense suffering borne with sublime and heroic fortitude the end has come. The president is dead, and with his last breath he draws with him the profound affection of a bereaved people. For a second time in the history of the republic its chosen chief has been sent to death by the treacherous bullet of a cruel and cowardly assassin. For days and weeks the whole people hung with alternating hope and fear upon every bulletin that issued from the room of the victim until hope at last yielded to the gloomy conviction that the end was nigh. All that human affection could conceive and all that human skill could do have been in vain. In the presence of this great calamity the nation bows down with humility and submission to the Higher Power who holds in His grasp the destiny of men and their governments.

THE OBSEQUIES.

The remains of the late President of the United States will be removed to Washington by a special train on Wednesday, September 21, leaving Elberon at 10 a. m. Detachments from the United States army and from the marines of the navy will be in attendance on the arrival at Washington to perform escort duty. The remains will lie in state in the rotunda of the capitol on Thursday and Friday and will be guarded by deputations from the executive department and by the officers of the senate and house of representatives. Religious services will be observed in the rotunda at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon. At 5 o'clock the remains will be transferred to the funeral car, and be removed to Cleveland, Ohio, via Pennsylvania railroad, arriving there Saturday at 2 p. m. In Cleveland the remains will lie in state until Monday at 2 p. m., and be then interred in Lake View cemetery. No ceremonies are expected in the cities or towns along the route of the funeral train beyond the tolling of bells. Detailed arrangements for the final sepulture are committed to the municipal authorities of Cleveland, under the direction of the executive of the state of Ohio.

Vice President Arthur was sworn into office as President of the United States at his residence in New York on Tuesday.

From the Philadelphia Record, Sept. 13.

MR. WOLFE'S REASONS.

He Intends to Test the Sincerity of Reformers.

The Cause of His Becoming a Candidate for State Treasurer—He Expects to Poll a Large Vote.

Hon. Charles S. Wolfe, of Union county, the Independent Republican candidate for State Treasurer, arrived in the city yesterday for the purpose of consulting with his friends here relative to his candidacy. In explaining the reasons for his action Mr. Wolfe said: "One of the important objects I have in view in making this fight is for the purpose of determining how much sincerity and practicability there is in the Independent Reform movement in Pennsylvania. When I left Harrisburg last week my first thought was to withdraw from the contest for the present, but after thinking over the matter I consulted with some of my friends and determined to go into the fight. I do not want the office of State Treasurer, as every one knows, but it is better to make the battle now than next year, when the same tactics that were repeated in this convention will be tried again. Then we will have a Governor and other State officers to elect, and if the machine attempted to crowd down the Independents there would be an open revolt. So it is far better to settle this question now than to postpone it until then. If there is any other man in the State whom the Independents would prefer as a candidate to myself I will willingly withdraw, and turn in earnestly for him. Many of those who have been termed Independents are not really so, but are waiting around for the machine to take care of them. Why, at Harrisburg it was agreed in the Davies conference that John Steward, ex-Senator Langdon and Attorney General Lear should go into the convention and make powerful protests against the machine, sitting down upon the independents. But did they do it? There was not a protest. All these things have disgusted me, and I have determined, with the aid of my friends, to test the Independents of this State and see whether they really desire reform. I will poll more votes than I thought I could when I started as a candidate. There will be nothing left undone, so far as organization and work are concerned. Where my first speech will be made I do not know yet. All these things must be arranged. But I am in earnest, and I would not believe the word of any of these ringsters. When I get on the war path they know it. They will hear from me soon.

Gen. A. E. Burnside, United States Senator from Connecticut, died suddenly at his residence in Bristol, Tuesday the 13th inst.

State Senator Eckley B. Coxe, of Luzerne county, is spoken of as a Democratic candidate for Governor next fall. He is able and fit for the place.

The death of Gen. Burnside gives the Democrats a clear majority in the United States Senate, even without Senator David Davis. If that vapory, undefinable thing called *senatorial courtesy* is not stretched to an undue limit the Senate will have a Democratic President, *pro tem.*

The Republicans of Pennsylvania have something worse than an elephant on their hands——a *Wolfe*, and a real savage one at that.

Gen. Bailey, the Cameron candidate for State Treasurer, may be a good enough man personally, but he is an out-and-out stalwart, Grantite and third-termer, and that ought to be enough to keep every independent Republican vote from him.

It would be real funny, if it were not a very serious matter, to read how some Republican papers pitch into the bosses who have for years lorded it over the masses of the party. In pronouncing in the favor of the Hon. Charles S. Wolfe, Independent Republican candidate for State Treasurer, the Mifflinburg *Telegraph* speaks about as plainly of the machine leaders, their "obnoxious measures, steals, bribery and the like," as any Democratic paper possibly could. Hit them again and again, brother Schoch, they have long ago deserved it all and much more besides:

Of course, at first blush the general verdict is that it is ill timed—out of all order—contrary to good party discipline—and will only serve to disrupt the party. But, when voters who care more for principle than for party—who love to assert their freedom and who despise servility—who only deem it duty to recognize leadership and party discipline when leaders voice the popular will in the naming of candidates—we say when this large class of intelligent voters throughout the state recall the past work of the bosses, how they have disregarded the sentiment of the people in state and national conventions, how the purchasable delegates of some of the larger cities are manipulated by machine leaders to retain their hold on office and power, and how they have striven for the defeat, yes, succeeded in defeating regularly-nominated and worthy candidates, then will these free and independent voters be greatly tempted to espouse the cause of Chas. S. Wolfe—he who has made it the rule of his life to war against ring rule, obnoxious measures, steals bribery and the like.

Centre county now has four tickets in the field—the Democratic, Republican, Temperance and Greenback, so that every political opinion or shade of opinion can be suited. Of course it will *suit* a large majority of the voters to vote the Democratic ticket which will be triumphantly elected.

The people of Centre county have a more general interest in the office of county commissioners than in any other. The board of commissioners have almost exclusive control over the county finances. They appoint and direct our tax collectors, have the supervision over our public buildings, and in many directions they can be either extravagant or economical. It is therefore of the utmost importance that they should not only be men of strict integrity but that they should possess good business qualifications. The late Democratic county convention was exceptionally fortunate in their selection of candidates for these places. Messrs. Greist and Wolf are men eminently fit for the important trust. Mr. Greist is an enterprising and successful business man in Unionville. He has before this served a term as county auditor with much credit. Mr. Wolf is one of our most intelligent and progressive farmers in the county. He enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him. Both are men of good repute and standing, and both will be elected by large majorities.

The Republican county convention of Centre county presents the name of Gen. James A. Beaver as a candidate for Governor.

The Greenbackers of the county still seem to have some vitality as an adjunct to the Republican party. They held their county convention in Bellefonte the other Tuesday, and, not to be outdone by other parties, nominated a ticket. Ex Congressman Yocum and Jacob V. Thomas were the leading spirits. The ticket is made up of really good men, but for the life of us we can't see why our Greenback friends should go to the useless trouble of nominating a county ticket. Following are the names of the candidates: Sheriff—Thomas M. Way; Prothonotary—H. W. Hoover; Treasurer—John C. Motz; Register—Joe W. Fury; Recorder—J. Miles Green; Commissioners—John I. Thompson, C. H. Struble; Auditors—John Dawson, John E. Eurray.

AN APPEAL FOR HELP.

Contributions Asked for the Half-Starved, Homeless People of Michigan.

CINCINNATI, September 17.—The following appeal, signed by Mayor Carlton, William Hartraff, John Sanborn, Charles A. Ward, Omar D. Conger, Charles B. Peck and Peter B. Sanborn, has been telegraphed from Port Huron, Mich:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: We have to-night returned from the burnt district of Huron and Sanilac counties. We have seen the burnt, disfigured and writhing bodies of men, women and children. Rough board coffins contained the dead, followed to the grave by a few blinded, despairing relatives. Crowds of half-starved people at some of the stations asked for bread for their families and neighbors. We hear of more than two hundred victims already buried and more charred and bloated bodies are daily discovered. Already more than 1,500 families are found to be utterly destitute and homeless. They huddle in barns, school houses and in their neighbors' houses, scorched, blinded and helpless. Some still wander half-crazed around the ruins of their habitations, vainly seeking their dead; some in speechless agony, wringing their hands and refusing to be comforted. More than ten thousand people, who only a week ago occupied happy, comfortable homes, are to-day houseless and homeless sufferers. They are hungry and almost naked when found in such numbers and so widely scattered that our best efforts and greatest resources fail to supply their immediate wants. Without speedy aid many will perish and many more will suffer and become exiles. Our people will do their utmost for their relief, but all our resources would fail to meet their necessities. We appeal to the charity and generosity of the American people. Send help without delay.

EXECUTORS' PRIVATE SALE.—The subscribers, executors of the estate of Jonathan Phillips, late of Millheim, deceased, offer at private sale until October 15th, 1881

A SPLENDID FARM,

situate two miles west of Millheim on the turnpike, and about four miles from Coburn station, on the Lewisburg & Tyrone rail road, now occupied by Henry Frankenberger, containing 64 acres, and 115 perches, about 55 of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The balance is well timbered. The improvements are a good brick dwelling house, bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings. A fine young apple orchard in good bearing condition, and variety of other fruit trees, as well as never failing water, also on the premises. It is altogether one of the most desirable small farms in Penn's Valley. For particulars apply to

JOHN P. RUNKLE,
Centre Hill,
B. O. DEININGER,
Millheim,
Executors.

8t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Catharine Held, late of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for payment.

B. O. DEININGER,
Executor.

Millheim, Sept. 8th, 1881. 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Wm. C. Hosterman, deceased, late of Walker township, Centre County, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

REBECCA J. HOSTERMAN,
C. W. SECHRIST,
Administrators.

Hublersburg, Pa. 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Stephen Kennelley, dec'd, late of Gregg township, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, are hereby required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for

JAMES KENNELLY,
Administrator.

30-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—The undersigned, administrator of the estate of Philip Ertle, late of Gregg township, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises in Haines township, about three miles east of Aaronsburg, Pa., on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1881, a valuable farm, bounded on the west by lands of John W. Stover, Benj. B. Stover and others; north by lands of Benj. B. Stover, Michael Weaver's estate, Philip Stover and others; east by lands of David Krape and Aaron Dutweiler's estate; and south by lands of Jacob W. Stover, containing 113 acres, about 75 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and the balance is woodland of fine growing young timber.

The improvements are, a two-story dwelling house, bank barn and other necessary outbuildings. A never-failing spring of good water is near the house. An apple orchard of about three acres is on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of one third of the purchase money on day of sale. The balance of one third on confirmation of sale. One third in one year, with interest and the balance in two years with interest. The last two payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock of said day.

DAVID ERTLE,
Administrator.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

TRAINS LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.	7 P. M.
Montandon	7.00	9.45	2.20	6.45
Lewisburg ar	7.15	10.00	2.35	7.00
Lewisburg lv	7.25			
Fair Ground	7.30	10.06	2.40	
Biehl	7.41	10.21	2.51	
Vicksburg	7.47	10.30	2.57	
Mifflinburg	8.03	10.51	3.13	
Millmont	8.25	11.20	3.35	
Laurelton	8.35	ar 11.35	3.46	
Wicker Run	9.00		4.11	
Cherry Run	9.17		4.30	
Fowler	9.37		4.50	
Coburn	9.48		5.02	
Spring Mills	10.15		ar 5.30	

TRAINS LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	6 P. M.	8 P. M.
Montandon ar	6.50	ar 9.30	ar 1.20	ar 6.30
Lewisburg	6.55	9.15	1.05	6.15
Fair Ground		9.10	1.00	6.10
Biehl		9.01	12.58	6.00
Vicksburg		8.56	12.42	5.55
Mifflinburg		8.43	12.25	5.40
Millmont		8.25	12.02	5.20
Laurelton		8.15	11.50	5.10
Wiker Run		7.48		4.47
Cherry Run		7.31		4.30
Fowler		7.10		4.10
Coburn		6.58		4.00
Spring Mills		6.30		3.50

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west for Williamsport, Lock Haven, Kane, Corry and Erie, and Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Emporium, also Elmira, Watkins, Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 3 and 4 connect with Pacific Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

Nos. 5 and 6 connect with Day Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and Niagara Express west for Williamsport, Lock Haven and Renovo, Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg, via Lock Haven, also Elmira, Watkins and Buffalo, and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 7 and 8 connect with Fast Line west for Williamsport and Lock Haven.

No. 8 also connects with Erie Mail east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 12th, 1881, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 40 a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore.	9 03 a. m.
"	" Lock Haven.	9 40 a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 05 a. m.
"	arr. at Erie	7 45 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	9 00 a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	12 15 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	3 15 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven.	4 20 p. m.
"	" Renovo	5 30 p. m.
"	" Kane	10.05 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	12 10 p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 00 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 55 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 10 p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven..	7 05 a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore..	7 37 a. m.
"	" Williamsport.	8 20 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg ...	12 05 p. m.
"	" Philadelphia.	3 20 p. m.
"	" Kane	6 00 a. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven..	11 25 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg ..	3 40 p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	6 45 p. m.
"	" Erie	11 35 a. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	9 00 p. m
"	" Lock Haven	10 10 p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 30 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00 a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 35 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 15 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 15 a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 35 a. m.

Erie Mail and Fast Line and Pacific Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

B F. KISTER,

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

MILLHEIM, PA.

Shop next door to Foote's store, Main St.

BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS made to order, and satisfactory work guaranteed. Repairing done promptly and cheaply, and in a neat style.

FARMERS' Supply Store.

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS.

The most complete plow made. Light running and durable. Price reduced. Three shares—"O" share for ordinary plowing; "B. S." share for dry ground, and "S" share for hard baked soil or stony land, chilled and polished; price 50 cents each. It is the best plow in the world for plowing dry baked or gravely soil. We challenge any other plow to compete with it.

Grain Drill.

The very best; gum spring, rear shifter, fertilizer attachment, with other improvements. Lowest prices.

Fodder Cutter.

Cuts and crushes fodder. Warranted to do more satisfactory crushing than any other fodder cutter made. Will also cut Hay and Straw.

Farmer's Chop Mills,

Cider Mills with Presses, hand or horse power,

Best Clothes Washer

warranted for 5 years, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *The best, most efficient and most durable washer in the world.* It has no rival and is the only machine that will *wash perfectly clean without rubbing.* It can be used in any size tub, or shifted from one tub to another in a moment. Is so simple and easy operated that the most delicate lady, or child 10 years old can do the work. It is made of Galvanized Iron and is the only washer that has the *Rubber Bands on the Rollers* which prevent the breaking of buttons and injury to clothes. Price very low.

No Family can afford to do without it.

Threshers and Separators.

The GEISER Thresher and Separator, for 4 to 10 horses. The HELBNER Level-tread Power and Separator for 1 and 2 horses.

Bells.

Farm, School and Church Bells, of the most improved make at very low prices.

Sewing Machines.

We sell a $40 machine for $20.
We sell a $45 machine for $23.
We sell a $50 machine for $25.
We sell a $55 machine for $27.50,
We sell a $60 machine for $30.
Warranted to be new, first class machines in every respect. It pays farmers and others to come to our store to buy their supplies.

Conklin Wagons.

Cortland Buggies, Carriages, and Platform Spring Wagons.

Two-horse Cultivators.

For cultivating fallows, at very low prices.

Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters, Spring-Toothed Harrows.

And a full line of Farm Implements always on hand. Call and see the GIANT CROSS-CUT in operation.

Store opposite Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

ALEXANDER & CO.

THE NEW VICTOR.

SIMPLICITY SIMPLIFIED!

Improvements September, 1878.

Notwithstanding the VICTOR has long been the peer of any Sewing Machine in the market—a fact supported by a host of volunteer witnesses—we now confidently claim for it greater simplicity, a wonderful reduction of friction and a rare combination of desirable qualities. Its shuttle is a beautiful specimen of mechanism, and takes rank with the highest achievements of inventive genius. *Note.*—We do not lease or consign Machines, therefore, have no old ones to patch up and re-varnish for our customers.

We Sell New Machines Every Time.

Liberal terms to the trade. Don't buy until you have seen the

Send for Illustrated Circular and prices.

Most Elegant, Simple and Easy Running Machine in the Market.—The Ever Reliable VICTOR.

——VICTOR SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,——

Western Branch Office, 235 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

IT WILL PAY YOU

——TO VISIT——

J. R. Smith & Co.'s MAMMOTH SUPPLY DEPOT,

NOS. 110, 113 & 114 FRONT STREET,

MILTON, PA.

We are now offering the largest stock and greatest variety of

Furniture, House Furnishing Goods, &c.,

in the State, at PRICES BEYOND COMPETITION, consisting in part of Rich and Plain Furniture

All the latest Designs,

in Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Ebony. We make a

Specialty in Parlor Suits,

and will sell them lower than any Party in the state. Prices ranging FROM $30 TO $500. If you contemplate buying a

PIANO, ORGAN OR SEWING MACHINE,

it will pay you to write us for prices. We also carry a large line of extra Super, Body and Tapesty Brussels Carpets.

A Good Brussels Carpet at 70 cts. per yard.

Our stock of Plain, Cut and Engraved Table Glass-ware, Plain and Decorated French China, Silver Plated-ware, Lamps and Chandeliers, &c.

is well worth your inspection. Our sales exceed those of any House in our line in the state.

LOW PRICES DO IT.

We extend an invitation to you to visit us and will take pleasure in showing you through our various Departments.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Store.
WM. R. CAMP,
PROPRIETOR.

Walnut & Fancy Chamber Suits, Lounges, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sinks, WASHSTANDS, Parlor Tables, Breakfast Tables, Extension Tables, Wood and Cane Seat Chairs, Mattresses, Spring Beds, and everything else in the Furniture line at the lowest prices. I hope to merit the patronage of the public by good work and moderate prices. Please call and see my stock before you go out of your own valley for your furniture. You can do fully as well at home as you can anywhere else.

TRY ME!

READERS!

When in want of a pair of Boots, Shoes or Rubbers send to Kamp's Lock Haven and you can get them as low as in Philadelphia or New York. If they don't suit you, you can return them and get your money back. First class goods at low prices is my motto.

JACOB KAMP.

To Country dealers, I will sell at wholesale prices, freight added.

The Model Grocery.

S. P. KERSTETTER,
Proprietor.
MARKET STREET, LEWISBURG, PA.

Dealer in first class Groceries of all kinds, Flour and Feed, Wood and Willow Ware.

Queensware a Speciality.

sell a *White Granite Tea Sett*, 46 *pieces, for* $8.00. All other Queensware in proportion.

Just received the finest lot of China Ware ever brought to this place.

If you come to Lewisburg dont fail to give me a call and get the best bargains you ever had.

Farmers' Supplies.

SEEDS.

Mammoth and Small Clover Seed.
Choice Timothy Seed.
White Clover Seed.
Alsyke, or Swedish Clover Seed.
Orchard Grass Seed.
Kentucky Blue Grass Seed.
Red Top Grass Seed.
Lawn Grass Seed.
Meadow Foxtail Grass Seed.
Meadow Fescue Grass Seed.
Sweet-scented Vernal Grass Seed.
Rough-stock Meadow Grass Seed.
Hard Fescue Grass Seed.
Tall Oat Grass Seed.
Crested Dogstail Grass Seed.
Perrenial Rye Grass Seed.
Italian Rye Grass Seed.
Florin, and other grass seed,

Farmers and owners of pasture lots can grow *grass* instead of weeds, by sowing a mixture of the above seeds. It has been demonstrated by practical experiment that a variety of grass will keep up a continuous pasture and prevent the growth of weeds.

FERTILIZERS'.

We can deliver to Coburn and Spring Mills Stations, the very best fertilizers made. Bakers High Grade Ammoniated Bone Phosphate in Car load lots, only $35.00 per ton, in cars at Station.

South Carolina Bone Phosphate only $29.00 per ton, in car load lots, at Station.

Farmers Supply Store opposite Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

ALEXANDER & CO.

EXCELSIOR

STEAM DYE WORKS

LEWISBURG, PA.

W. Davis,

Proprietor.

My Factory has all the machinery and facilities of a first class establishment of its kind. My experience in the business extends over many years, both in this country and in Europe, and am therefore enabled to do strictly first class work at moderate prices.

THE JOURNAL STORE,
Millheim, Pa.,

has accepted an agency from me. All goods brought there for dying will be returned free of extra charge.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, '81.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—The new Presbyterian church in Mifflinburg is nearly completed.

—Harrisburg has twenty mutual assessment insurance companies. That town ought to be happy.

—Marble door steps of the best Sutherland Falls marble, made at the Millheim Marble Works at a moderate price. tf

—A splendid, strong 2 horse spring wagon for sale. None better in the valley. Price moderate. Inquire at the Journal office. tf

—The farm of Jonathan Philips, deceased, near Millheim, is now offered at private sale by the executors. Read the advertisement. 5t

WANTED.—About 3500 first class 1½ inch yellow pine flooring in the rough. Need not be fully dry. Inquire at the *Journal* office. tf.

The encampments of the Pennsylvania militia cost the state half a million dollars this year. The question arises, of what benefit have they been?

—Two Bucks county farmers shipped 5,526 bushels of plums to Philadelphia the other week. That beats Pine Grove all hollow.

—Speculators are buying up all the corn they can get in different sections of the state, in anticipation of a rise in price. Hope they will get severely bitten.

—Ayer's Pills contain no croton oil, calomel or mineral. They are compounded of pure vegetable extracts, which have positive virtues and always cure, where cures are possible.

—Mr. Law, the superintendent of Bellefonte Car Works, last week discharged Frank Marks, one of the workmen, for leaving his work to attend his mother-in-law's funeral. That man should be attended to at once.

—J. A. LIMBERT, the new mail contractor, has procured a fine new wagon and is prepared to carry express packages and other goods from Coburn to Woodward and all intermediate points at reasonable charges. tf

—If you have any legal business the new law firm of Peale & McKee can attend to it to your utter satisfaction. Mr. Peale is an old experienced lawyer, while Mr. McKee is a young, active and promising disciple of Blackstone.

—Capt. Breese, of the U. S. Navy, and a son-in-law to Gov. Curtin, died at Newport on Tuesday the 13th inst. He was an officer of high standing, respected and beloved by all who knew him, and his early death is universally mourned.

—Vennor, the weather prophet is played out. He don't know a bit more about the coming weather than a common country editor. The other week he had predicted cold and rain, and it was hotter and drier than ever. Guess the almanac man can still make as good weather as anybody.

—On Thursday morning while Mr. Miles Williams; and his brother were hauling tobacco from Mr. Jacob Gephart's patch, the ladder of the wagon broke while Miles was on it. He fell to the ground backwards, bruising himself severely, though we are glad to hear, not dangerously.

—Rev. Barnitz, of Mifflinburg, don't like it a bit more than other people to have his chickens stolen. But it would not suit his standing and dignity as a preacher to sit watching with gun in hand for the thieves; and so his son takes that job in hand and gives notice in the *Telegraph* that he is ready for them.

CORNER STONE LAYING.—The corner stone for the new Evangelical Lutheran Church at Millheim will be laid, D. V., on Sunday October 16th, proximo. Divine services begin on Saturday evening previous. Several visiting ministers will be present. *The usual collections will be taken up.* The christian public is cordially invited to attend.

JOHN TOMLINSON,
4t Pastor.
(Centre and Clinton county papers please copy.)

—The other Saturday morning Thompson's Mill, at Potter's Bank, with all its contents was burned to the ground. Mr. Wm. J. Thompson, the owner, estimates his loss over $8000, and that of Mr. W. R. From, the Miller, at about $125. We learn that Mr. Thompson had carried an insurance on his mill for many years, but failed to renew his policy last spring when it had expired. It is suspected that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

—Dear, christian reader, do you wish to see a pleased woman, namely that particular woman whom aboveall others it is your privilege and duty to pease? Then do as we did. Go to Alexander & Co's Implement Store, Bellefonte, and buy her a Walker Washer. Why, our wife, just after using the institution a single time, is ready to recommend it very highly to all the ladies in christendom, without regard to their politics or church relation. She calls Col. Shorthidge blessed, "a gentleman and a scholar" for having persuaded us to buy the machine. That's what she does. 2t

—Millheim Lodge, I. O. O. F., will hold its semi-annual election of officers next Saturday evening. Good attendance of the members is expected.

—Neighbor Sturgis and lady are on a visit to the old folks at Lancaster. Hope they will enjoy themselves. Mr. P. H. Musser runs the Jewelry Store during their absence.

—WANTED, at the *Journal* office, on subscription or other accounts, 10 bushels of potatoes, 25 bushels of corn, several gallons of good apple butter. If you have any of these articles to spare and owe us, bring them along.

—Mr. Jacob Wolf left here on Tuesday morning for Kansas and other parts of the west. He expects to stay some months, mostly with his sons Alfred and Foster, in Kansas. We wish him good health, much enjoyment and a safe return.

—It is indeed a rare happening in the history of a country pastor to preach *three* funeral sermons in one day, as pastor Tomlinson did on Tuesday. The subjects were Mother Stover, in Haines township, Miss Emma Alter, in Millheim, and our murdered President Garfield.

—Fall house cleaning will soon be upon us, and with it the time that people get their supplies of winter carpet. J. R. Smith & Co., of Milton make a speciality in carpets and there is hardly a place in the state that has a fuller supply or lower prices. Those of our readers who need carpets would do well to give them a call.

—At last we have the long-desired rain. It commenced coming down in soft, gentle spray on Thursday evening and rained considerably during the night as well as on Friday. Although not as copious as desirable it was enough to settle the awful dust, refresh the parched earth and break the burning heat. Thank Providence for the rain.

—Last week we had occasion to visit the Recorder's office in Bellefonte and there found our candidate for Recorder already at work assisting "Toby." We examined Mr. Bible's work and found to our pleasure that he is a most excellent pensman. He will keep the records of his office in first class style, when elected, as of course he will be.

—The Millheim Pottery is now complete and it is expected that in about ten days the first kiln of ware will be burned and ready for sale. The proprietors have succeeded in securing an excellent article of clay and it is their purpose to make none than first class ware. They have erected an establishment that reflects credit on their enterprise and we hope they will be abundantly patronized.

—On Tuesday evening memorial services on the death of President Garfield were held in the United Brethren church at this place. The church was well filled. Revs. Tomlinson, Weidemyer, Dick and Gephart, were present. Interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by Revs Tomlinson and Weidemyer. The audience seemed to be deeply impressed with the importance and solemnity of the sad occasion.

—Will some of our farmer patrons just try the following and let us know the result next spring? The *Scientific American* gives the following recipe for getting rid of stumps: "In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water, and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and ignite it. The stump will moulder away, without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but the ashes."

—MILTON'S enterprising firm, J. R. Smith & Co., have made a delivery of furniture here amounting to over $400, consisting of fine parlor suits, chamber suits, spring beds, chairs &c., and they are just *beginning* to build up a trade in our valleys. The firm is in every way reliable and purchasers can feel assured that they get full value for their money. Much of the large and progressive success of this firm is due to liberal and judicious advertising. They understand the business, and "that's what's the matter."

—Can not something be done here in Millheim for the poor sufferers in Michigan? Read the heart-rending accounts of the great disaster—think of the *fifteen thousand* poor, destitute, homeless and penniless fellow mortals, many of whom are still in great agony, half blind and half roasted—and then look at your own comfortable and plentiful surroundings. Then ask yourself the question, "What is *my* duty towards these suffering people?" The answer is so plain that "he who runneth may read." It is our duty to help and give; and if we fail to do so we neglect and evade one of the primary obligations of our professed religion or of a common humanity.

No; let us not do ourselves the great injustice and injury to stand idly by, surrounded with plenty, and see our poor fellow beings starve almost before our very eyes. Let our Chief Burgess, or Town Council, or a committee of citizens, call a public meeting and make an effort to give practical form to our suggestions. Who will take the initative?

News Miscellany.

There are about 60 lawyers in Williamsport. Ten of them are well off and lay up something; another ten manage to make a living. The rest of the crowd simply hang on and wish to gracious they had learned to run a saw mill.—*Banner.*

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has stopped the sale of refreshments, literature and newspapers on the trains of the road.

In an effort to enforce in St. Louis a law against carrying concealed weapons fines as high as $100 for a pistol and $200 for a sling-shot are being imposed. This movement is made because out of twenty-five homicides in the St. Louis jail all but three became criminals through the habit of going armed.

THE COMING BONNET.—The new fall bonnet is just too sweet for anything. It is made out of some kind of stuff, sort of delicate in texture and of a rather lightish color, kind of cut away on the sides and shoved back on the top, and scooped out underneath, and trimmed with a sort of ribbon stuff that looks nice, and some kind of other sort of material that is quite becoming and it is all fixed on it in that kind of a way which looks so much like something we cannot remember, and the whole effect is just exquisite, reminding us of a most beautiful something or other whose name we cannot call to mind.—*Ex.*

RUSSIA'S GREAT WHEAT CROP.—A report of the condition of the wheat crop in Russia has been sent to the State department by Minister Foster. He says that from correspondents in various parts of the Empire he has received reports which show that the yield of this cereal for the present year will be immense. The yield in the country tributary to Odessa on the Black Sea, it is estimated, will be so large that the people will need no more for four years. There is the best crop along the river Don that has been harvested since 1874. Reports from Moscow also show that in southern Russia the crop is very large. It is not so heavy in central Russia, but the yield will still be abundant, and through all the districts tributary to Moscow the wheat products will be larger than for twenty years before. The minister believes that the great crop this year will have a beneficient influence upon the political agitation of the country, because well fed men are less quarelsome than hungry ones. —*Ex.*

WARNING TO LIQUOR DEALERS.—Judge Junkin, at the Perry county court, recently gave caution to hotel keepers about the practice of selling liquor by the bottle. He said the landlord was bound to know who was to use the liquor, and that no man had a right to sell a bottle of liquor to a sober man who transferred it to those who were in the habit of becoming intoxicated, or to minors. It was always suspicious when a sober man bought a bottle of whisky; he generally was employed to buy it for those to whom innkeepers would not or dare not sell it. Proof of its transfer and use by drunkards or minors was sufficient cause for revoking the innkeepers' license.

Hurried Into Eternity.

At Patoka, Ill., a horrible and fatal accident occurred Friday on the farm of Mr. Mames. The owner of the property had, among a number of other new inventions and labor saving machines, a steam threshing machine; while this was in operation Friday morning and surrounded by a large number of farm hands the boiler exploded. The pieces of the boiler flew in all directions and the steam poured forth in dense volumes. Six men and one woman were hurled into eternity. Several of them were horribly mangled. Several others were seriously injured, being scalded by the escaping steam.

If five thousand Americans died every month of starvation, the entire nation would work energetically to stop the famine, although these five thousand starved ones would be far better off than if they had died drunkards. And yet, though there are five thousand rum murders in our country every month, and these five thousand lost ones fill drunkards graves, yet our people are not only willing that this brigade shall continue to tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's eternity, but they actually legalize the business which causes this terrible loss, and take a revenue from it.—*Lock Haven Republican.*

Killed by a Bull.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, September 3. —The mutilated body of a Bohemian farmer in Putuam township was found in a field this morning. He had been attacked by a Jersey bull, which almost literally tore his body into shreds. His head was entirely severed from the body. His entrails were strewn about the field, and one of his legs was hanging to the brute's horns. The animal had to be shot six times before he fell.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for October is unusually good, even for that incomparable lady's book. The steel engraving, "Don't Be Scared," is one of the exceptional beauty, and so is the colored, steel fashion plate, with its five charming-looking, exquisitely-dressed ladies. There are two colored patterns, with designs for fans, a line of decoration that is now all the rage. The historical novelet, "The News From Yorktown," which has attracted so much attention, is appropriately concluded in this number, in time for the "Yorktown Centennial." All the stories and novelets, however, are good; in fact, in "Peterson," only the very best are given. We cannot too often refer to this magazine as altogether the cheapest and best of its kind. Where only one is taken, "Peterson" should be the one, for it fills more wants than any other. The terms are but two dollars a year. Great deductions are made to clubs, *and handsome premiums are given to persons for getting up clubs*, among them a beautifully bound photograph album; in short, the inducements of every kind are unprecedented. Specimens will be sent, gratis, to persons wishing to get up clubs. Address, for this purpose, or for subscribing, CHAS. J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIED.

On the 20th inst., by Rev. W. R. Wieand, Mr. John M. Strayer to Miss Cordelia E. Hevner, both of Lock Haven.

At the same time by the same, Mr. Elias P. Musser, of Lock Haven, to Miss Jettie E. Strayer of Rebersburg.

DIED.

On the 7th inst., near Laurelton, Mrs. Sarah Bowersox, aged 88 years, 7 months and 27 days.

On the 8th inst., in Potter township, John A. Sweetwood, aged 25 years, 11 months and 13 days.

On the 10th inst., in Millinburg, Miss Sarah Louisa Orwig, aged 38 years, 9 months and 10 days.

On the 16th inst., in Haines township, Mrs. Margaret Stover, wife of Michael Stover, aged 62 years, 9 months and 10 days.

On the 18th inst., in Hartley township, Union county, Mrs. Catharine Stover, formerly of Haines township, aged 32 years, 1 month and 14 days

On the 18th inst., in Lock Haven, Mary Emily, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Alter, aged 18 years and 11 days.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No.	1.30
Corn	75
Rye	75
Oats White	50
Buckwheat	
Flour	6.40
Bran & Shorts, per ton	25.00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	
Timothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	
Butter	30
Hams	16
Sides	8
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	23
Potatoes	75
Lard	11
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	6
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$5.00
Stove "	5.20
Chestnut "	4.80
Pea "	3.50
" by the car load	3.20

Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Clover
Flour, &
Feed,
Coal,
Plaster
& Salt

MILLHEIM PA.,

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.
A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

S. R. Peale. H. A. McKee.

PEALE & McKEE,

Attorneys-at-Law.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office opposite Court House.

MILLHEIM
POTTERY

Millheim, Centre Co., Penna.

ULRICH & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

would most respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture everything in their line of first class quality. They have found a superior kind of clay and will constantly keep on hand a full line of

CROCKERY, BREAD & PIE DISHES, PLAIN & FANCY FLOWER POTS, STOVE COLLARS, &c.

Hoping to merit the confidence of the public by furnishing the best grade of ware they would respectfully solicit a share of its patronage. 1y

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5,000 a year, and who invested less than $500 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LI
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $50. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $225. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,180.14. The list includes 852 newspabers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

1881. MIDSUMMER. 1881.

H. R. WHITCOMB,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Takes this method to announce to the people of Penns, Brush and Sugar Valleys that after a highly successful season he still has,

25,000 WORTH OF CLOTHING,

to select from, and in order to reduce this large stock quickly he has reduced his prices from 10 to 50 per cent.

We have revolutionized the Clothing business in Lock Haven. You can get as good a suit from us as any tailor can make, and at less than half the price; and for style and fit they are often superior. Boys like stylish suits as well as men, and we have them in all grades.

Boys Clothing is a Specialty With Us.

No use looking for better goods for boys than we have—you can't find them. No living man shall be allowed to give their customers better value for their money than can always be found at my store. And where is the mother that likes to make children's clothes? Can't make them fit. "Never look well", is the complaint of every one. We've got all grades and they are just cute and nobby as they can be. A change of weather means a change of clothes; a change of clothes requires a change of patterns and styles of materials. The house that has the choicest and newest changes in styles and patterns is likely to secure the greatest number of new customers and best please and retain its old patrons. In these days it is not everything that looks like clothing that will sell, but in the keen competition between different houses it will be the survival of the fittest.

OUR CLOTHING IS

Unequalled in Quality,
Unexcelled in Style,
Unexceptional in Fit.

And the people have, by a large majority, decided to patronize

WHITCOMB.

We have a much larger stock of new style Hats than all the other stores in Lock Haven together, and our prices are always the lowest. Full stock of Trunks, Bags, &c. Gents' Furnishings, a large line of

BOOTS & SHOES

sold at from 10 to 25 per cent. cheaper than anywhere else in this section. call and see us. Speial prices to parties from a distance.

WHITCOMB,

BIG FLAG SIGN,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

BEE HIVE

Dry Goods House of Lock Haven for

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

Never since the establishment of this great Dry Goods House have we done such an extensive business as we have done this spring. We will in a few days open our fourth immense stock for the Spring and Summer of 1881. The people of Lock Haven, Clinton and Centre counties are showing their great appreciation of the wonderful bargains we are offering in our entire stock. First class goods, only honest dealing, no misrepresentatins and low prices always win. This is the motto on which we have built up our enormous trade and will here say that we fully appreciate the liberal patronage of the People in sustaining a first class Dry Goods Store in Lock Haven, which it has been our humble effort for some yearsto establish.

Our Dress Goods DEPARTMENT

especially attractive and excels any effort we ever made in Fineness of Stock, riness of Patterns and in its great variety.

500 YARDS BEAUTIFUL

SUMMER SILKS

at 40, 45 and 50 cts per yard. Beautiful Black Dress Silks at 75 cts a yard. Heavy Gros Grain at 1.25 warranted not to crack or wear glossey. Beautiful Brocades in Black and all Colors. All colros of Satins and Dress Silks. 1000 yards Best Lawns in remnants from 3 to 15 yards. 9 cts. worth 15 cts.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Black and Colored Cashmeres

ever shown in Lock Haven at astonishingly low prices, and all the new Styles of Dress Goods to be found in any city store. 500 yards of the best Pantings for Men and Boys' wear, ever shown in this city. 10000 yds Bleached and Brown Muslins to be sold at wholesale prices. 6000 yds. best Calico warranted fast colors at 4½ cts. Great bargains in Table Linen, Tickings and Towlings, &c. 200 Parasols 25 per cent less than usual price. 1000 Pairs Ladies Lisle Thread and Kid Gloves at prices that will astonish every one who is a judge of their value. An immense stock of Stockings, Laces, Ribbons, &c.

CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS.

Never was there shown in Lock Haven such a stock of Body Brussels Tapestry Brussel, 3 ply and Ingrain Carpet, as we show this season and our trade is really immense on them. Beautiful Capets from 20 cts. a yard upwards.

Come. See and be Convinced

that the Bee Hive Store offers decided advantage over every store in Central Pennsylvania in every thing in the dry goods line. Everybody welcome to the BEE HIVE, 65 MAIN STREET

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. J. EVERETT,
Proprietor.

DOMESTIC

IT STANDS at THE HEAD

SO LIGHT
A Child can Run it.
SO SIMPLE
It Requires No Care.
SO STRONG
It Never Wears Out.

DOMESTIC

LADIES!

USE "Domestic" Paper Fashions

1826 LADIES' DOLMAN. 9 Sizes. 20 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure. Price, 30 Cents.

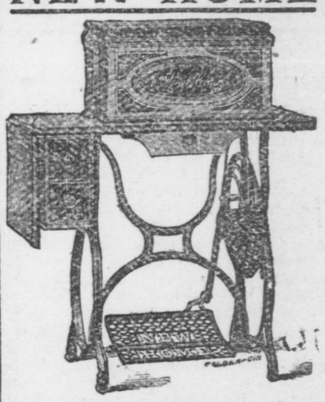
They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,

"Domestic" Fashion Co.,
NEW YORK.

THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME



Rapidly superceding all others wherever introduced.
Pronounced by an army of happy purchasers to be the BEST.
The NEW HOME is positively
The Simplest, Easiest Running, Most Reliable, and Most Durable Sewing Machine ever invented.
It operates Quickly, Quietly, and without fatigue to the operator.
Full information, Descriptive Catalogues, &c., free on application.

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.
30 Union Square, N. Y.
And Orange, Mass.

Hills Archimedean Lawn Mower Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
NEW ARCHIMEDEAN
and CHARTER OAK
Lawn Mowers.

These Mowers have become celebrated throughout the World, where lawns are cultivated, as being the most perfect and desirable Lawn Mowers ever made. They stand at the head of the list of Lawn Mowers in the U. S. and Europe. They contain all the improvements that experience in their manufacture can suggest; are beautifully finished, thoroughly made and do splendid work on every variety of lawn.

Hand Mower Sizes, from 8 to 18 Inches. Pony and Horse Sizes, 24, 28 and 32 Inches. Send for Circulars.

SOLD BY OUR AGENTS EVERYWHERE!
21-3m

FREE BY MAIL.
WONDERFUL CURES
HOPELESS CASES OF
CONSUMPTION

Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Debility and All Chronic Diseases. 20 years of great experience. 2,000 hopeless cases cured. Astonishing discovery of new treatment to quietly fatten, make blood and build up the system. Invalids caused to eat and digest enormously and gain 3 to 5 pounds per week. Vital and healing force is rapidly and powerfully increased. New life and vigor imparted the first few days. Severest cases of Consumption, bed fast and given up to die, cured in 2 to 3 months. Inflamation in the Lungs removed. Hectic Fever and Night Sweats, and Cough made loose, and easy, or checked in 48 hours. The treatment exhilerates, exalts, arouses all organs into healthy vigorous operation. It is also the greatest cure on earth for Liver, Kidney, Heart, Head, Blood Skin Female and Nervous Diseases, Seminal Weakness, all diseases of children, and the Opium Habit. We are honest in our offer, and earnestly invite you to write or come before it is too late, no matter what your disease, even if abandoned by the ablest physicians. Describe your case. Trial free to all who come here. A trial package of our medicines worth $2 to $4 sent by mail to all who send us the names and addresses of all afflicted in their vicinity and 5 cents to pay postage. B. S. DISPENSARY, Berrien Springs, Mich.

WOULD YOU BE RESTORED TO SOUND MANHOOD? *A Cure Guaranteed.* Sufferers from the above disease (Nervous Debility) will find permanent relief from the use of EGAN'S COMPOUND ELIXIR and ORGANIC PILLS. Not a quack nostrum but the genuine prescription used in my regular practice for the past seven years. Elixir, $2 per package or 3 for $4. Pills $1 per box, or 3 for $2. Severe cases require 3 to 5 bottles of the Elixir, with two or three boxes of the pills. Goods sent to any address on receipt of price. J. Y. EGAN,
Ogdensburg, N. Y.

GILMORE & CO.
LAW & COLLECTION HOUSE,
629 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Make Collections, Negotiate Loans and attend to all business confided to them. LAND SCRIP, Soldier's Additional Homestead Rights and LAND WARRANTS bought and sold.

DOMESTIC.

MEDICINES.—We are a medicine-taking people—at least to far too great an extent. "What shall I take?" is asked far more often than "What shall I do?" The aged and experienced among medical men, as a rule, recommend but little—and that only when indicated by common sense. But the people will take it—buying it from peddlers, horse-jockeys, grocers, etc., all as ignorant of the nature of the remedies and of diseases as themselves. In most instances, when feverish, if one would bathe, sweat, fast, breathe more of the pure air of heaven, bask in the sun, drink freely of pure water, keep calm and quiet, give up tobacco and whisky, the fever would starve. Pure air renovates the blood far more than sarsaparilla; the light of the sun is one of the best anodynes; good food is one of the best tonics; fasting and exercise are among the best appetizers. If we will but take care of ourselves, eat only plain food and only what nature demands, cease to overwork and fret, be regular in all our habits and sleep all we can fairly, we shall take less medicine.

CONSTIPATION may be removed by drinking a tumbler of cold-water on rising in the morning.

TO OBTAIN a good night's sleep, sponge the entire length of the spine with hot water for ten or fifteen minutes.

FOR chapped skin, take of oxide of zinc, one dram; lard, two ounces. It is also good for any kind of sores.

FOR neuralgia, take a good handful of the common field or Canada thistle. Pour two quarts of boiling water on, and boil down to three pints; take a wineglassfull three times a day before meals.

The following is recommended as a cure for neuralgic headache: Squeeze the juice of a lemon into a small cup of strong coffee. This will usually afford immediate relief in neuralgic headache. Tea ordinary increases neuralgic pain, and ought not be used by persons afflicted with it.

GLYCERINE IN FLATULENCY AND ACIDITY.—An old gentleman, who for many years suffered from distressing acidity, read in a daily paper that glycerine added to milk prevents its souring, and he reasoned thus: "If glycerine prevents milk turning sour, why should it not prevent me turning sour?" and he resolved to try the efficacy of glycerine for his acidity. The success of his experiment was complete, and whenever tormented by his old malady he cures himself by a recourse to glycerine. Indeed, he can now take articles of food from which he was previously compelled to abstain, provided always that he takes a dram of glycerine immediately before, with, or directly after his food. Since this was made public several physicians have prescribed glycerine in acidity and flatulency with the most happy results.

BEDS.—Our beds are our night clothes and ought to be kept as clean as our shirts and coats. Woolen blankets are healthier than quilts; put a heavy United States army blanket over a kettle full of hot water and see how fast the steam makes its way though the weft; a quilt would stop it like an iron lid, and thus tend to check the exhalations of the human body In order to disinfect a quilt you have first to loosen the pressed cotton; a woolen blanket can be steamed and dried in a couple of hours. For similar reason a straw tick is better than a horsehair mattress, though a woven-wire mattress is perhaps preferable to both. Feather beds are a recognized nuisance. Children over 10 years should sleep alone, or at least under separate blankets, if the bedsteads do not reach around.

To fix pencil marks so as they will not rub out, take well skimmed milk and dilute with an equal bulk of water. Wash the pencil marks (whether writing or drawing) with the liquid, using a soft flat camel-hair brush, and avoiding all rubbing. Place it upon a flat board to dry.

WHEN water has once been made to boil, the fire may be very much lessened, as but little heat is required to keep it at a boiling point. There is no advantage whatever in making water boil furiously; the heat will escape in steam, without raising the heat of the water.

TO HEAL CUTS AND WOUNDS.—The leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

ROSE WATER.—Take otto of roses, twenty five drops, rub it in with an ounce of white sugar and four drachms of carbonate of magnesia; then add gradually half a gallon of water and four ounces of proof spirits.

AFTER buttering your cake-tins scatter a little flour over them and the cake is absolutely certain not to stick to the tin. If your oven is likely to bake hard at the bottom put a paper in the bottom of the tin. Butter it well first.

NOTHING is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia; after rubbing with this take a little whitening or a soft cloth and polish in this way; even frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.

GLUE frequently cracks because of the dryness of the air in rooms warmed by stoves. An Austrian paper recommends the addition of a little chloride of calcium to glue to prevent this.

HOUSEKEEPERS will find that zincs may be scoured with great ecomony of time and strength by using either glycerine or creosote mixed with a little diluted sulphuric acid.

IT is said two parts tallow and one of resin, melted together and applied to the soles of new boots or shoes, as much as the leather will absorb, will double their wear.

CHAPPING of the hands, which is one of the most disagreable inconveniences of cold weather, can be easiely prevented by rubbing the hands with powdered starch.

WOODWORK strongly impregnated with tungstate of soda or silica of soda—by treatment in a strong aquous solution of these salts—will be found to be quite uninflammable.

To brown sugar for sauce or puddings, put the sugar in a perfectly dry saucepan. If the pan is the least bit wet, the sugar will burn and you will spoil your saucepan.

STEEL knives may be saved from rusting by being rubbed with mutton tallow, wrapped in paper, and put into a baizelined chest.

CELLARS thoroughly treated with whitewash made yellow with copperas will not be considered a desirable habitation for rats and mice.

AGRICULTURAL.

WALKING HORSES.—Running the risk of being set down as an old fogy, we will say that in our opinion the best gait a horse ever had for every day use is a walk; but it is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are not trained to walk. Young America wants more speed. Horses trained to walk fast would be a greater benefit to farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of his work has to be done with a walk. Horses that are engaged in hauling on the roads, that are trained to walking fast, will make a longer distance in a day than horses will that are urged to trot at every convenient place, because, when a horse commences to walk after a trot, he will go much slower than his common gait if kept on a walk, and the consequence is that he will loose more than he gained. Where horseback traveling is indulged in, especially over muddy roads, any other gait than walking is rendered impossible, and yet a horse that has been trained to walking fast even over bad roads, will make from four to five miles an hour, but since the introduction of light wagons a horse would be expected to make a greater distance when hauling the wagon over the same road, though it would be by the aid of the whip, and very much to the prejudice of the poor animal. These one-horse buggies have put horse back riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare than one that can trot a mile in less than three minutes. It is, however, to the interest of the farmer that he should train his horse to walk fast.

HOW CHICKENS GET OUT OF SHELLS.—Take an egg out of a nest on which a hen has had her full time; carefully holding it to the ear, turning it around, you will find the exact spot which the little fellow is picking on the inside of the shell; this he will do until the inside shell is perforated, and the shell is forced outward as a small scale, leaving a hole. Now, if you will take one of the eggs in this condition from under the hen, remove it to the house or some other suitable place, put it in a box or nest, keeping it warm and moist, as near the temperature of the hen as possible (which may be done by laying it between two bottles of warm water upon some cotton or wool), and lay a glass over the box or nest, then you can sit or stand, as is most convenient, and witness the true *modus operandi*. Now watch the little fellow work his way into the world, and you will be amused and instructed, as I have often been. After he has got his opening he commences a nibbling motion with the point of the upper bill on the outside of the shell, always working to the right (if you have the large end of the egg from you and the hole upward) until he has worked his way almost around, say with one-half an inch in a perfect circle; he then forces the cap or but end of the shell off, and then has a chance to straighten his neck, thereby loosening his legs somewhat, and so, by their help, forcing the body from the shell.

SHADE FOR POULTRY.—Poultry need as much protection during the summer from the fierce rays of the sun as they do in winter from the severe cold, although far too many of our breeders lose sight of this very important fact, and suffer corresponding losses in consequence. Birds compelled to stay in the yards which have little, if any, shade during the entire summer, with the sun pouring down on them with the intensity it does in July and August, cannot thrive, while they are rendered much more liable to disease and disorder. It pays, and pays well too, to give the fowls comfort at all times, and it costs but little to furnish the necessary shade, no matter how large the runs may be. Trees, such as plums, peach and apple, should at once be planted in the runs, especially the former, which seems to thrive better there than the other kinds named. As these trees will not afford much shade for a few years, temporary shades must be made by making skeleton sheds of poles along the sunny sides of the runs, and then covering them with boughs, cedar limbs, or almost anything cheap and convenient, which will afford the necessary shelter from the sun. These may not look very handsome, but then the utility compensates fully for the lack of beauty.

THE USES OF FALLEN LEAVES.—Leaves have to be gathered up. They are excellent to mix with hot-bed material, and, where particable, should be saved for this purpose. They do not heat so rapidly as stable manure, and in this have an advantage; as tempering the violence makes the manure last longer and maintain a more regular heat. They are excellent material to put round cold frames to protect half-hardy plants. A board is put up to the height of the frame boards, and about a foot or more from them, and the leaves in between. If the plants are somewhat tender, the bottom of the frames may be filled a few feet with the leaves. These leaves after having been two or three years decaying make admirable stuff for putting and plants for flowers general.

COUNT THE COST.—No man is fit to manage a farm who does not think beforehand what is the best to do, and which is the best way to do it. Work without plan, has been the blunder of many who pretend to be farmers. Raising crops without knowledge as to their cost, or thought as to whether they will sell or not, has sapped many a fortune. More fore thought in the management of a farm is required than in most any other pursuit followed by man, and the forehanded farmer is always the one who counts the cost, and closely calculates all matters that appertain to the farm, not that a farmer is necessarily obliged to make shifts and turns in order to succeed, but simply to count the cost.

GRUBS IN the head of sheep are believed to be caused by the gadfly, which deposits its eggs in the nostrils of the sheep during the summer and autumn; although they cause much pain they are not usually fatal. To prevent them, apply tar to the nose of the sheep, occasionally, during July and August, or smear the feeding troughs with tar. To cure the sheep when the grubs are once hatched, blow tobacco smoke up the nostrils or syringe the nose with a decoction of tobacco.

FARMERS are beginning to learn, and in fact, most of them have already learned, that the time spent in destroying weeds in the autumn is well spent, and that if they would save time in cultivating hoed crops they must keep the weeds from seeding as much as posible in all parts of the farm; a little carelessness in this respect will soon cover a farm with with weed seeds. A single root of milk weed in a mowing field, if left unmolested, will spread and take possession of a large field in a few days.

IT IS an old adage to give the animals all they will eat. It would be better to say give them all they can digest There are a great many animals which eat more than they digest. As a general thing horses which stand in the stall idle eat much more than those which work all the time. The former will be fed half a dozen times a day, while the work horses are fed but three times a day, the latter having no baits between meals,

HUMOROUS.

THEIR education neglected: It is doubtful if a single one of the Concord School of Philosophers could run a hotel, make a mint julep, roll a cigarette dig a square hole, tie a bowline knot, set a hen properly, boss an engine at a fire, find out the hole in a leaky roof, back a mule, tell which direction is north when lost in the woods, or take off a lady's gaiters in a graceful and perfectly respectful manner; yet all these and many more are the things necessary and indespensable to be known before human affairs generally can be considered and judged philosophically.

[Chicago Journal].

A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.

Lewis H. O'Conor, Esq., whose office is located at 93 Washington street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune. I have been suffering said Mr, O'Conor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, believed to be from the effects of a cold contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago, I abandoned them all, and brought a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil, applied it at night before retiring and to-day feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief and now feel no pain whatever.

SCENE, out west; clergyman just back from a trip East, on a "half-fare" ticket—"My brethren, when I was on the great link, that magnificent double track, all steel rail, palace cars, through without change (here he fills in the name of the route,) and I can assure you that every director of the road is a gentleman and thorough Christian, I saw" (here follows the moral illustration.) All of which shows that Western railroads know how to advertise, when they "cut" rates for clergymen.

[Cleveland Penny Press.

See the Conquering Hero ete.

Among the most wonderful articles of the period is St. Jacob's Oil. The Hon. Leonard Swett of Chicago, pronounces it the most thorough conquerer of pain that he has ever known.

A SELF SACRIFICING youth: George (who has been rowing for the last hour in the hot sun in one of those heavy boats which abound in country lakes)—"Ah, perhaps you would like to go ashore now, Miss Arabella. You—you—look warm." Arabella—"Oh, this is just too delightful! Don't hurry in on my account."

Vegetine

I MADE UP MY MIND TO TRY THE VEGETINE.

BUFFALO, Dec. 27, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I reside at No. 745 Niagara Street, of this city. I am 69 years of age. For several years past I have been in feeble health. My complaint is what the doctors call GENERAL DEBILITY of the system. At times I suffered severe pains in my side and back. I used a number of remedies without receiving any relief. My attention was called to your advertisement of VEGETINE in our paper. I made up my mind to try the VEGETINE, sent and bought some. It seemed to help me from the first, and in a short time my health improved. I have used a number of bottles, and am now enjoying better health than I have for a number of years. I have recommended the VEGETINE to my sister and also to several acquaintances, and they have used it with equally good results. It is the best medicine for Weakness and General Debility of the system that I know of, and I do with great confidence recommend it to all my friends as a good medicine. I would also state that for a great many years I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism, and since I commenced using the VEGETINE, I have had but very little trouble from it.

Yours, respectfully, MRS. SAMUEL GREENE.

I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Greene, and know her as a reliable and honest lady, and also know that the above statement is true.

Yours, respectfully,
DR. B. SMITH,
Dispensing Druggist, 989 Niagara St.

Vegetine

Has Not its Equal.

Lung Disease.

SELMA, ALA., May 12, 1872.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass:

I take great pleasure in recommending your Vegetine. I have been suffering for a long time with the *Lung Disease*; trying every kind of medicine that I could get, but none seemed to do me any good, until I tried your great Vegetine remedy. I had used it only a short time before I could discover a very great change in my health for the better. I don't consider that your medicine has its equal, for the disease which you propose to cure, especially the diseases that I have been afflicted with. JOHN THOMAS.

Vegetine.

IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Malaria is an Unseen Vaporous

Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only a thorough remedy, but a reliable prevenitive. To this fact there is an overwhelming array of testimony, extending over a period of thirty years. All disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels are also conquered by the Bitters.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use **Hop Bitters.**

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the **"INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE"** and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. **Hop Bitters Mfg. Co.,** Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING STATEMENTS.

Read, Mark, & Inwardly Digest ---Something for Everybody.

Purity of Family Medicines the Utmost Importance.

If you have nausea, want of appetite, flatulency, dizziness, and feverish symptoms, you are suffering from COSTIVENESS, and HOP BITTERS is the Surest Cure.

If your vital forces are depressed, if you have a feeling of general lassitude and weakness, are easily fatigued, perspire freely on going to sleep, are short of breath on every slight effort, and have a general feeling of melancholy and depression, you are suffering from

General Debility,

and HOP BITTERS removes it all.

If you have a sense of weight or fulness in the stomach; a changeable appetite, sometimes voracious, but generally feeble; a morbid craving; low spirits after a full meal, with severe pain for some time after eating; wind rising on the stomach, sour stomach; vomiting and fluttering at the pit of the stomach, and a soreness over it; nausea, headache, or some of these symptoms, you are suffering from

Dyspepsia,

and HOP BITTERS will permanently cure you.

If you freeze one hour, burn the next, and sweat another; if you are suffering all the torture of the Inquisition, one moment fearing you will die, and the next moment fearing you won't; if you have blue nails, and lips, yellow eyes and a ghost-like complexion, you are suffering from that miasmatic curse,

BILIOUS, MALARIAL FEVER, OR AGUE,

and HOP BITTERS will speedily cure you.

If you have a dry, harsh, and yellow skin, a dull pain in the right side, extending to the shoulder blade and pit of the stomach; a tenderness over the region of the liver, and sometimes an enlargement of this organ; a sense of tightness and uneasiness in the neighborhood of the stomach and liver; yellowishness of the eyes; bowels irregular, generally disposed to looseness; a hacking or dry cough; irregular appetite; shortness of breathing; feet and hands generally cold; tongue coated white; a disagreeable taste in the mouth; low spirits; blotches on the face and neck; palpitation of the heart; disturbed sleep; heartburn; disinclination to exertion—if you have any of these symptoms, you are suffering from

Liver Complaint,

and HOP BITTERS will cure you.

If you have a complaint which few understand and none will give you credit for—an enfeebled condition; a goneness throughout the whole system; twitching of the lower limbs; a desire to fly all to pieces, and a fear that you will; a steady loss of strength and health;—any of these symptoms show that you are suffering from that hydra-headed disease

Nervousness,

and HOP BITTERS will effectually cure you.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will cure you.

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

Hop Bitters will Revive you.

"If you are a Minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties or a Mother worn out with care and work

Hop Bitters will Restore you.

"If you are a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen you.

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

Hop Bitters will Relieve you.

"If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating,

Hop Bitters is what you need.

"If you are old, and your blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

Hop Bitters will give you new Life and Vigor.

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy and refreshing flavoring for sick room drinks, impure water, etc., rendering them harmless, and sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach."

Cleanse, Purify and Enrich the Blood with

Hop Bitters.

And you will have no sickness or suffering or doctor's bills to pay.

HOP BITTERS

is an Elegant, Pleasant, and Refreshing Flavoring for Sick-room Drinks, and Impure Water, rendering them harmless, sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach.

A CONSIDERATE daughter: "I don't see how I'd git along without Mary, nohow," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features and put another ladle of soft soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized floating out from the adjoining parlor. "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, nohow. Al'ays on these days when I nev tne tiringest work she just picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet rest by-and-by,' and 'Mother's growing old,' and sings 'em fur me afore she goes out on the lawn to play croquet with the other young folks. 'Taint every gal as ud be so thoughtful, I kin tell you. Now, most on 'em ud jest bang away with 'Jordan is a hard road to travel,' or 'Whoop 'em up, Eliza Jane,' but she ain't none o' that sort. She's a pile o' comfort to me—a pile o' comfort;" and Mrs. Blucher fanned herself vigorously with her soiled apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water.

Is it possible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer.

A YOUNG lady in Boston had gathered a Sunday-school class from among the newsboys of the city. One Sunday she was striving to impress upon their minds some good advice in regard to the future, when it occured to her that the word was, perhaps, a little beyond the comprehension of the class. Putting the question to the boys, "Do you know what the future means?" There was a dead silence for a moment, which was broken by a bright little fellow, who quietly suggested that it might mean "Further particulars in the next edition."

VEGETINE is nourishing and strengthening; purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to action.

ÆSTHETICS at Ascot. Dialogue reported by *Punch:* Philistine sportsman (quoting the odds)—"Two to one on Robert the Devil, you know." Sweet she-æsthetic—"Did he really? How delightful! What a quite too awfully utter name for a jockey!" Philistine sportsman (puzzled)—"Beg pardon, I—ha—don't quite understand." Sweet she æsthetic (surprised)—"Why, did you not say that 'Too-Too won' on—the horse you mentioned?"

"How did you like the lecture?"

"Oh, it was beautiful!"

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he said so many beautiful things?"

"Tell us some."

"Oh, he said—he said—but I can't tell it to you as he said them."

"Tell them as you can understand them."

"Well, he said—he said—oh, I can't!"

"Tell us one thing he said."

"Well, he said that the æstheties of existence enabled us to—to—oh, I can't!"

"Tell us what you think he meant,"

"Oh, go along! Why didn't you go and hear him yourself!"

A Sure Cure For Piles.

Do you know what it is to suffer with Piles? If you do, you know what is one of the worst torments of the human frame The most perfect cure ever known is Kidney-Wort. It cures constipation, and then its tonic action restores health to the diseased bowels and prevents recurrence of disease. Try it without delay. The dry and the liquid are both sold by druggists.

THINGS one would rather have left unsaid: Genial host (meaning to plead for poor Jenkins, who has complained that he can't find a partner)—"Let me introduce Mr. Jenkins to you, Miss Jones. I'm sure your card can't be full."

HORRIBLE slang in society: In the printed instructions for playing lawn tennis we observe the injunction: "First have a good racket." And this is the game countenanced by our best society.

How to get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise: work to hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

How to get Well.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

THE present Czar of Russia never uses an oath, but when he gets mad he lifts up a chair or table or the nearest object and makes kindling wood for the poor. It is more expensive, but also more emphatic.

LITTLE pitchers have great ears: "Now, then, what's your papa's name, Freddy?" "Dunno." Don't know your papa's name! Why, what does mamma call him?" "Brute."

I ADVISE you to take "Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Scrofula, ulcers, old sores, pimples, boils, etc., cured at once.

WELL EARNED rest: Fenderson says he has lots of spare time on his hands since he began to attend exclusively to his own business. Formerly he was the hardest worked man in the city.

A ROMANTIC kitchen incident: There is a good deal of human nature in clothes-wringers. An Altoona girl had her hand badly squeezed by one.

A. M. DOYLE, of Columbus, Ga., says that from experience he knows "Sellers' Liver Pills" to be the best in use.

THE giraffe is a very timid animal. His neck is so long that when his heart comes into his mouth it takes him half a day to get it back where it belongs.

"IT'S a good time to charge bad habits," said Shuttle this morning, and he threw aside his old clothes and blossomed out in a $14 suit.

IF the mother is feeble, it is impossible that her children should be strong. Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THERE is going to be another comet—hold on, don't dodge yet; it's the comet of 1744, and it is only expected around once every 122,683 years.

A BUFFALO girl never has her wedding dress made in that city, for fear somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe.

"I'll feed my boarders on the fat of the land," observed Mrs. Stuffum, as she receipted for a tub of oleomargarine.

IF you are hairless and cappy there is one way and no more by which you may be made careless and happy—use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of peotroleum, it will positively make new hair grow.

WHY is an old owl like Job? Because it must have a good many boils to make it good.

SINCE plaid hose have come into fashion almost every girl in Cloverport can fill out a pretty big check.

One swallow does not make a summer, "but," says Snifkins, "it imparts a pleasant warmth."

UNLESS a paragrapher has quick wit, he had better quick quit.

WHAT is vinegar without a mother? It is orphan very poor.

Don't judge a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

The exploring party sent to Greece last fall by the American Archæological institute has commenced active operations at Assos, on the southwest corner of the Troad, opposite the Island of Mitylene. The ruins at that place are of the most interesting character, the remains of the theatre being the most perfect in existence. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts will cooperate with the explorers by placing on exhibition in its hall a large plan of the city of Assos, on which the process of the work will be marked from month to month.

E. H. Wilder of Manchester, N. H., the inventor of the knitting machine and other contrivances, has invented a gun somewhat similar to the Gatling gun. It was tested recently and worked successfully, its five barrels firing one thousand shots a minute. The trial was made on the Massabesic Lake, and through a field-glass the balls were seen to strike two miles away in a radius of ten feet.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

MESSRS. MORGAN & HEADLY, Mutual Life Building, Tenth and Chestnut streets, have on hand a superb stock of extra fine quality Diamonds, which they offer at as low prices as stones of the first quality, perfect alike in color and shape, can be sold for.

"My Back Aches So

and I feel miserable," said a hard-working man. The doctor questioned him and found that he had been habitually costive for years, that now his kidneys were disordered and his whole system deronged. Kidney-Wort was recomended and faithfuly taken and in a short time every trouble was removed. The cleansing and tonic power of this medicine on the bowels and kidneys is wonderfull.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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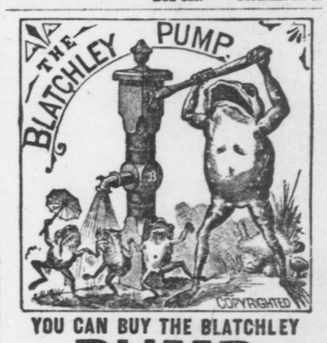

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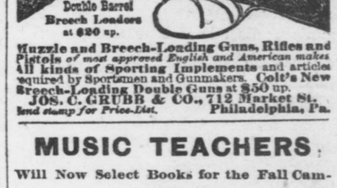

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